

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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The Three Soldiers ...
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The Three Soldiers



1. Because her father's Royal palace had been surrounded by a great army of soldiers, Princess Griselda thought of a clever plan to get rid of them: "They demand the return of the magic cloak and magic purse which I took from two of the soldiers," she said. "But if I also get hold of the magic horn I can soon remove them." Dressed as a gipsy singer she went to the camp.

2. There she danced and sang songs so beautifully that all the soldiers gathered around her and the tents were left empty. And among the soldiers was the one to whom the magic horn belonged. "How sweetly the girl sings," he said to his companions. "She could charm a bird from a tree." Griselda smiled, and intending only to charm away the music horn, she gave her maid a signal.



3. The maid slipped quietly through the crowd and went into the tent where the magic horn hung, and took it away without anyone seeing her. "So far, so good," she said, with a sigh of relief. "Now to carry out the second part of the Princess's plan. She said that I was to blow upon the horn as loudly as I could."



4. When the maid did this a strange thing happened. The army, the tents, the cannons and the horses all disappeared in a great flash of light. Nothing was left but the empty slopes and the three soldier companions, who had now lost all three of their wonderful gifts. Poor fellows, they wondered what to do next.



5. "Now we are back to where we started, comrades," said the soldier who had once had the magic purse. "We have no money and no home, so we had better separate. Let each seek his fortune as best he can." This was agreed by the other two, who decided to stick together and in this way the soldiers parted company.



6. The soldier who went on his own wandered on, but discovered nothing to cheer him in the countryside. By nightfall he was weary and hungry and he came to a forest. Now, this forest was the one where the three of them had met with so much good luck before, but the soldier fell asleep, too tired to think of it.



7. Morning dawned and he opened his eyes. "Oh, what wonder of wonders!" he exclaimed as he looked around. "Here am I in need of food and there above me are tree-branches laden with ripe apples. Now at least I shall not starve. I only wish that my two companions were with me to share in this good fortune."

See what happens to the soldier's nose in next week's part of this delightful tale.



8. The hungry soldier soon plucked and ate an apple, then a second and then a third. "They have a more delicious taste than any apples I have ever known," he said. But a strange feeling came over his nose. With each bite from the third apple his nose began to grow longer and longer and longer.



When you pick up a puppy, let it sit on your arm, using the other arm to hold it gently to you. If the puppy starts to struggle, lower it to the floor, because an animal held against its will, is likely to get frightened and may injure itself when trying to jump down.



Because mice are so small, they must be handled gently. Never pick a mouse up by its tail—it will become frightened, and may bite. Hold the mouse in the palm of your hand, putting two fingers gently round its body, using your other hand to hold the base of its tail.




All Sorts of Ways




Rabbits should not be picked up by their ears, although you may use its ears to stop it moving on a table. Lift it up by the loose skin at the scruff or nape of the neck, and while doing so, support the rabbit's rear. These animals like to feel secure, so hold it close to you.



A kitten likes to be supported under its rear, so that it is in a sitting position. Use your other hand to hold its body, leaving the front legs free. Its claws may catch in your clothes and if not freed by you will cause the kitten pain. So be very careful when picking it up.




Like mice, hamsters should be carefully handled. Let the hamster settle in the palm of your hand, ensuring that its little feet are not being squashed. For carrying, it is better that you cup your other hand over its body in case the hamster moves and suddenly falls.




Fish are very tricky to handle, because your hand could damage their bodies. When taking them out of a fish tank, use a fine net, and make sure that your hands are wet and cool. Make sure that the fish are not left out of the water for too long because they will die.

of Handling Pets



Pigeons prefer not to be handled too much, but if you do have to hold one, make sure that one hand clasps its body and wings. If the wings are left free, the bird may flap them, and there is a danger that they will get broken. Support the feet and tips of the wings also.



Like pigeons, bushbabies do not enjoy being held, but when carried around, prefer to rest on the palm of your hand. Use your other hand to support its body but do not clutch the animal tightly or it will struggle and may bite. Do not forget to hold the animal's legs.



BRER RABBIT

This week . . . Brer Rabbit builds a house of logs.

BRER WOLF and Brer Fox were most annoyed with Brer Rabbit. What with his tricks and pranks and one thing and another, they decided they had many scores to settle with Brer Rabbit.

Now, in those days, Brer Rabbit had a flimsy house made of thin planks and a straw roof. It was not very strong at all, and one day, when he got back from a walk, he caught Brer Wolf and Brer Fox in the act of pushing it over on its side.

Now, Brer Rabbit was mighty fed-up with this, because the same thing happened several times. And each time, Brer Wolf and Brer Fox laughed and laughed.

What Brer Rabbit needed was a strong, safe house, and he took a stroll down by the river. And there on the bank was Brer Beaver, gnawing down some tree trunks.

"You're working mighty hard this fine day, Brer Beaver," said Brer Rabbit. "And that's a fine house you've built for yourself in the middle of the river."

"Very fine, very fine," said Brer Beaver. "Building is my trade, you know, Brer Rabbit. Why, I could even build a great big house on land if I tried."

"Could you now?" asked Brer Rabbit. "One so strong that Brer Wolf and Brer Fox could not push over?"

"No trouble at all," boasted Brer Beaver. "Why, if I couldn't build a house that nobody could push over, I'd give up building for good, so I would."

Now this was what cunning Brer Rabbit had been

after all the time and he scampered back home, lickety-split, feeling very pleased with himself.

As soon as Brer Beaver had finished his own house, he set to work to cut down more trees, then got his family and friends to roll them to the place where Brer Rabbit wanted his new house built.

They sawed and hammered and nailed and piled the logs up higher and higher, until they had soon built Brer Rabbit a fine log cabin, so strong that a dozen animals might huff and puff and push but would never topple it over.

Brer Rabbit was delighted when he saw it. "Why, Brer Beaver," he said, "I do declare that everything you have said is true. There is no better builder than you in the whole world." And Brer Beaver went off feeling mighty pleased with himself, to look for something else to build.

Then Brer Rabbit called his family together and told them the new house was ready and in they went. After that Brer Rabbit got plenty of peace and quiet. He could go out and pass the time of day with his friends, or take his family out for the day, without the fear that he would come home and find that his house had been pushed over.

Just as Brer Beaver had promised, the log house was too big and strong for Brer Wolf and Brer Fox to push over. They did have a try and they huffed and they pushed with all their might—but all they got out of it were two pairs of very sore paws. In the end they gave it up and left Brer Rabbit safe and snug inside his fine log cabin house.

Another Brer Rabbit story for you next week.



STONE



Stone is taken from the earth by drilling holes in the rock face and filling them with explosives. After the explosion, the rocks are split into manageable shapes by hand before being brought to the surface. In the factories, large cutting wheels saw the stone into the shapes and sizes wanted. You can see such a wheel in our picture. In the sketch below, are men building with slabs of patterned stone. The design on stone is put on by men called stone-masons, and these craftsmen have much patience and create some wonderful designs. Very hard-wearing, buildings made of stone will often stand for hundreds of years.



This is a Memory Test. When you have read this story, turn to page 16 and see if you can answer the questions there.

The Giant Turtle

The dark depths of the ocean hold many forms of life, including plants, fishes, and mammals. The giant turtle, seen in the picture, is a mammal, and lives for the most part of the year in the sea.

Turtles look rather like large tortoises, having the same shaped shell and head. But the legs of the turtle look like paddles and enable it to swim very fast.

Tortoiseshell has been used in the making of combs, brushes, hair slides, and spectacle frames, and is got from the hawksbill turtle. Fortunately, for the turtle, artificial tortoiseshell, made from plastic has replaced the real thing, and now few are hunted for their beautiful shell.

Divers find turtles fun. They are harmless mammals and will not mind one little bit if a diver hitches a ride on its back.

Unlike the turtle, which can dive to any depth, divers have to make sure that they do not swim down too far. A pressure gauge, worn on the wrist (see picture) will give the depth of the water.

Only once, do the turtles leave the sea, and then it is to lay eggs. The land holds many dangers for them and they will not leave the water until sure that there are no humans or wild-life about that may do them harm.

The landing is usually carried out in the night, and the turtles march to the highest point on the beach where they will be safe

from floods and high tides. The eggs are laid in holes made by the turtles, using their strong legs.

Young turtles, when hatched, will bite their way through the sand, and the sand will often remain in their mouths during their journey back to the sea. This is a time of danger for these baby mammals because the frigate birds, which fly over the coasts, are constantly on the alert for baby turtles and will pick them up as they travel across the sand. Some do, however, reach the water.

Instinct guides the youngsters to the sea, and nothing, not even hills and rocks, will stand in their way. This gift of the turtles has baffled men for many years and will probably remain one of nature's strange mysteries.

The Frog

DELIGHTED that she had got the golden ball, which had fallen down the well at the palace. By the time she reached the frog which had fetched the golden ball, she remembered the promises she had made.

"Hello, my dear, you are just in time," said the frog. "Where have you been?"

"It was such a lovely evening that I went for a walk," replied the princess, not thinking it was getting so late. "I am so hungry."

The king and the princess sat down to eat. There could be served there was a stranger.

"Whoever can that be?" asked the king.

The princess went to open the door. It was the frog.

"I have come for you to keep your promise," said the frog. But the princess slammed the door and asked her what was the matter.

"It is only a nasty old frog, who wishes to eat me on my plate and sleep beside me on my pillow," said the princess.

"Why should a frog wish to do that?" asked the king, puzzled.

So the princess told him all that had happened. The golden ball down the well by accident, and the efforts of the frog.

"I made some silly promises at the time," said the princess. "That the frog could live here in the palace, on the pillow beside me at night. But I never thought of the promises when they were only made."

The king looked sternly at her. "You must keep your promise, whether it be made to a frog or not," he said. "Go to the door and invite the frog in."

"Do I have to do it, father?" asked the princess.

"Yes, indeed you do and let me hear of it," said the king.

"If you made a promise then you must keep it," said the princess.

The princess went to the door and invited the frog in, bounding towards the princess.

"Now, lift me up, so that I may eat," said the frog.

The princess had to obey. She lifted the frog on a small cushion and tied a napkin round its neck.

"Very well, then, you may share my supper," said the princess.

"And an excellent supper it is," said the frog. "That it is better than the fare I obtain in your garden. It's really quite delicious."

So the frog made a good meal of the princess. The princess just sat and watched him.

She was wondering about her father's promise to sleep on the pillow of her bed, and thought of it.

More of this enchanting story

Once Upon A Time next week



Prince

back her most precious toy, a golden well, the princess hurried back to the ched there she had almost forgotten the golden ball for her—and of the

ime for supper," her father greeted her.

at I stayed by the well in the garden," important to tell him about the frog. "I but indeed I am ready for my supper.

own at the table, but before the meal e tap-tapping noise on the door. e king.

oor and there, to her horror, stood the

ur three promises to me," said the frog. with a scream that made the king look

wants to live in the palace, eat from my low," said the startled princess.

such things?" asked the king, looking

ad happened—how she had thrown the ent, and how she had got it back thanks

he time, father," she ended up. "I said palace, eat from my plate and sleep on t surely I do not have to keep such e to a frog?"

"A princess should always keep her og or anyone else," he told her. "Now, to the palace without delay."

the princess, with a little shudder. hear no more argument," said the king. st keep it."

nd opened it. In hopped the 's chair at the table.

at from your golden plate," he

lited the frog up, sat it on a nd its neck.

ny supper as I promised," she

croaked the frog. "I must say n from the bottom of the well ous."

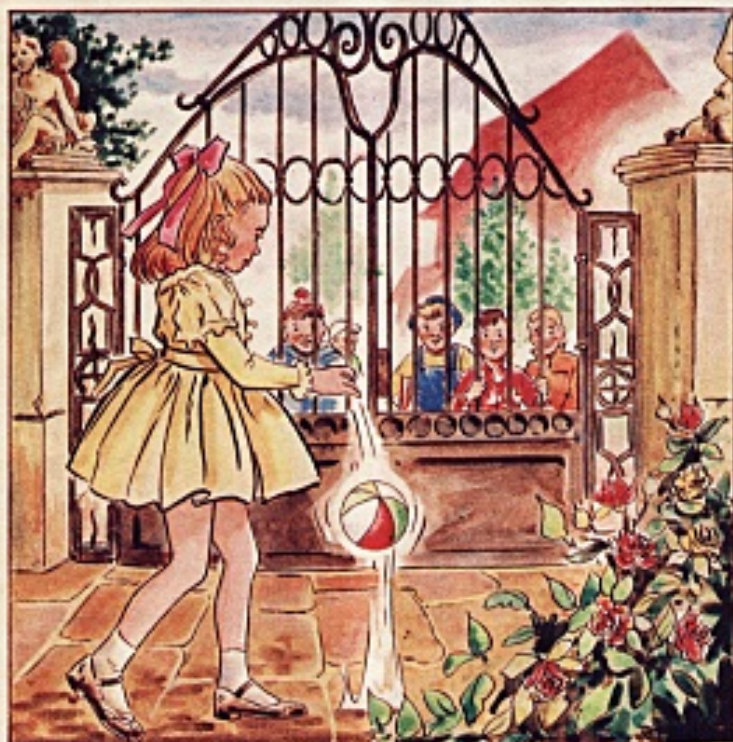
om the golden plate, but the She herself could hardly eat

rd promise—to allow the frog nd she went quite cold at the

ry in
eek.



The Magic Garden



1. There was once a selfish little girl called Melissa, who had a very beautiful garden all to herself. But she was not happy and used to complain to the gardener that her garden was not attractive. The gardener could not understand her because the village children would stop at the gate on their way home from school to admire it.



2. He did, however, know why Melissa was unhappy and bad-tempered. It was because she was lonely. Knowing this, the gardener told her that he could not understand why she did not ask the village children in to play. But she was very cross with him, stamping her foot and saying, "No, no, no! — I don't like them!"



3. The fairies who lived in the rose garden were as sorry for Melissa as the gardener was, so they showed themselves to him and had a little chat. They said that they were very sorry for Melissa and had thought of a way to help her that would surprise him. "But do not worry," they cried. "Things will work out well in the end."



4. Drawing near, they whispered that when Melissa came out into the garden and touched the flowers, she would get a big surprise. Then they vanished, and soon after Melissa came out into the garden for some roses, and she did get a surprise, for as she touched the flowers, they drooped and wilted as if they were dying.



5. Melissa was very cross again and ran back into the house to tell her mother what had happened. At first the gardener was very puzzled, thinking that the fairies had played a mean trick and did not really mean to help Melissa at all. But then he smiled, because he knew that the fairies were good, and were only trying to help.



6. When Melissa had gone, the fairies reappeared and showed the gardener that the village children were at the gate again. They told him that he was not to worry about the faded flowers, although they looked as if they were dead, everything would be all right if he opened the gates and let the children come inside.



7. At first the gardener did not want to do as the fairies told him, because he was afraid that Melissa would be very cross and perhaps ask her mother to dismiss him. But the fairies told the worried gardener that everything would be all right, and that they were only trying their hardest to make Melissa happy.



8. Now it was time for the fairies to put their plan into action, for as soon as the village children touched each flower, it lifted up its head. The gardener explained to Melissa that flowers should grow in a happy garden, and that the best way to make a garden happy was to have good, happy children playing there.



Beautiful Paintings

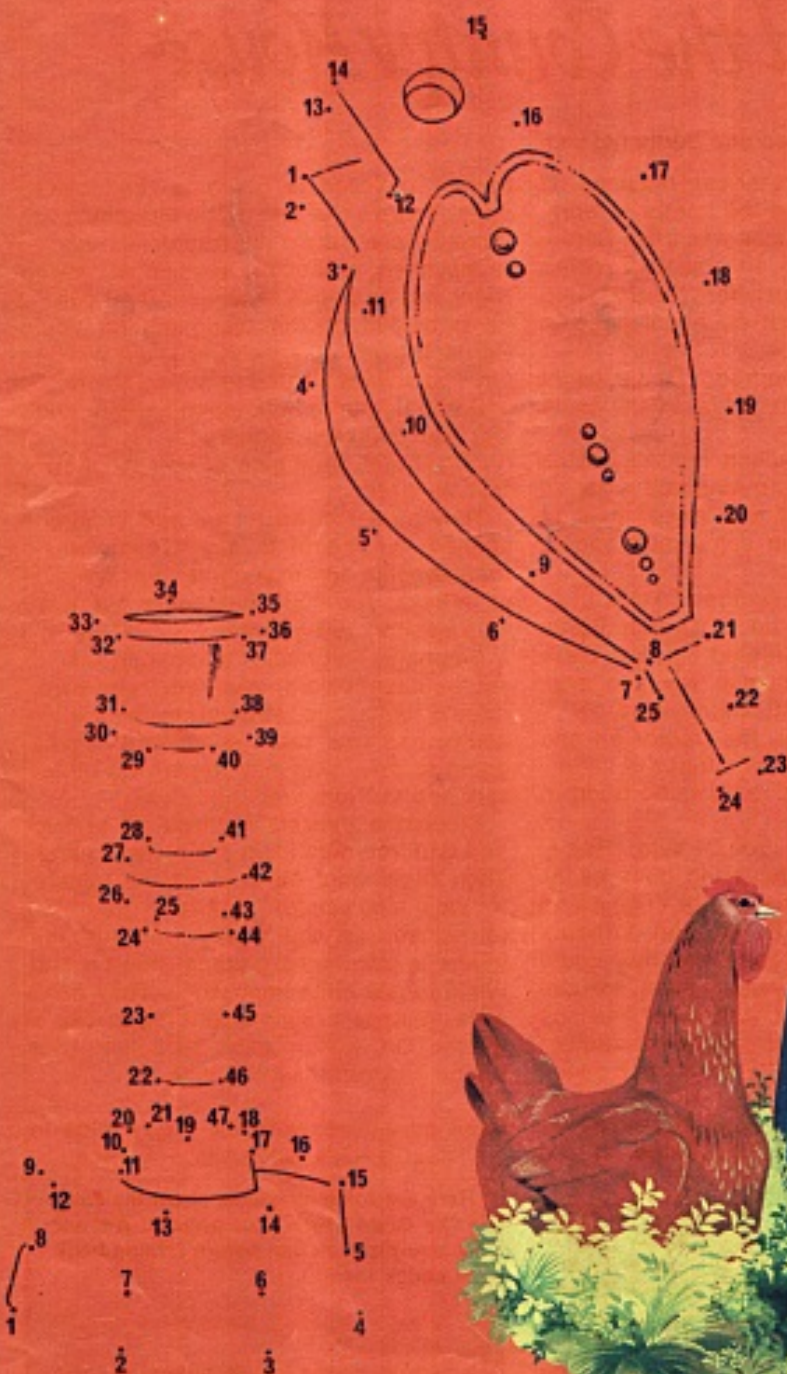
The scene is peaceful, but danger lurks for the roebuck deer in this beautiful painting. The huntsmen are chasing him and he stops to listen to the sound of galloping horses, the wild excited barks of the hounds, and the toot-toot! of the huntsman's horn, all of which are coming nearer with the passing of each minute.

Perhaps he will manage to fool the hunters and escape the cruel dogs. Who knows? Perhaps the painter of this delightful painting knew the fate of the deer. He is Gustave Courbet, a French artist, famous for his hunting scenes. This picture is called "Roebuck Hunted on the Watch". Cut it out to keep.

A Puritan Lady

This is a picture of a Puritan lady. Her husband would probably be a soldier in Oliver Cromwell's army who were fighting King Charles I and the Cavaliers. The Puritans believed in wearing the simplest of clothes and you can see from the picture that the lady's dress is made of a plain material and has no lace trimmings. Dancing, and many other forms of entertainment were also frowned upon by the Puritans.

Join the dots, starting at No. 1, to draw some fire bellows which were used to blow air on to a newly-made fire so that it would burn well. At the bottom of this page is a pewter candlestick, also of the period. Join the dots starting at No. 1 to draw this.





The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

This week . . . Winifred and Bertie get wet.

WINIFRED'S boy-friend, Bertie, who worked for Farmer Hayseed, had just fetched a nice, new tractor, which the farmer had bought, and he could hardly wait to try it out.

Bertie was up at the crack of dawn and out in the fields with his new tractor. He ploughed up one side of the field and down the other, whistling to himself loudly all the time, because he was enjoying himself so much.

It seemed to Bertie that in no time at all he had ploughed the field and off he went into the next field.

This was quite different. Instead of being level and straight, it sloped down to the river. "H'm, a bit steep," said Bertie. "I'd better be careful with this one."

Everything was all right, until suddenly the tractor hit a big boulder which was half-buried in the ground. The tractor bounced into the air and Bertie bounced right up off the seat and down again, but while Bertie was going up, the tractor was still going along, so when Bertie came down, he didn't land on the seat, but on the ground.

"Ouch," said Bertie. It was hard. Unfortunately, he didn't stop there, because he was on a steep slope and down he rolled, over and over until he fell splash! into the river. "Ooh!" yelled Bertie, even louder, because the river was cold.

The tractor didn't join him, because it had got stuck between two big stones and was chugging away in one spot.

Now, just as Bertie shot up into the air, who should be coming along but Winifred. She was a kind and thoughtful mouse and she had decided that Bertie might like some hot tea and sandwiches, because it was quite a chilly day, so she packed up the sandwiches and a flask of tea and went off to the field to look for Bertie.

With Winifred was Nigel, her cousin Stephanie's boy-friend. Nigel had driven

over in his smart motor-car, because he really did want to see the tractor at work. The first thing they saw was poor Bertie, shooting up into the air and then rolling down the hill and then they heard a big splash and knew that he had landed in the river.

"Quick!" cried Winifred. "Bertie might be hurt." And she ran as fast as she could along the bank.

Bertie was just pulling himself out as they got to him, and Winifred was so anxious to help that she leaned over to grab him, slipped on some mud and in she went too.

"Ooh," squeaked Winifred. "Help."

Nigel pulled Bertie out and Bertie turned and pulled Winifred out, and there they stood, both of them wet and dripping and covered with water weed.

"I'll go and switch the tractor off and then we'll get back to Winifred's cottage," said Nigel, who was really quite good in a crisis.

"Oh, th-th-thank you," said Bertie, whose teeth were chattering quite badly. Nigel switched off the tractor engine and then he marched Bertie and Winifred back to the cottage as fast as they could go. Stephanie was waiting there, for she had come in the car with Nigel and she took one look at them and went straight off and found clean, dry towels and clean, dry clothes.

When she had found clothes for Bertie and Winifred, she put the kettle on and made the tea.

Bertie and Winifred went off to change their clothes, but suddenly there was a loud "Oouch!" from Bertie. "Ooh, I can't move my arm," he called. Nigel had to help him out of his wet clothes and into his dry ones.

"Well, you certainly can't drive the tractor again until your arm's better," said Nigel, when Bertie was dressed.

"No," sighed Bertie. "But what poor

Farmer Hayseed is going to do I can't think. There's the rest of the ploughing to do and I can't drive the tractor."

Just then, a thought seemed to strike Nigel and he began to smile. "But I can," he said. "I'll do the ploughing for you, Bertie. It won't take me long and it will be fun. I've always wanted to drive a tractor."

Bertie began to look much happier and just then Winifred appeared.

"Oh, Nigel, how nice of you to offer," said Winifred.

They all sat down to tea and Winifred opened her mouth to say "Thank you" to Stephanie for making it, but instead of "Thank you", all that came out was "A-a-a-tishoo, a-a-a-tishoo".

Stephanie sighed. "It sounds as if you've caught cold, Winifred," she said. "You'd better go straight to bed after you've had your tea. I suppose if Nigel's going to drive that silly tractor, I'd better stay and see that you're all right."

Stephanie packed Winifred off to bed and Winifred didn't feel a bit like arguing. Then Nigel went off to drive the tractor.

"What a nuisance," Stephanie grumbled to herself, as she washed up the tea things in Winifred's cottage. "Bertie and Winifred are quite impossible. They can't even manage a simple little thing like a tractor. Oh, well, it can't be helped. But I hope it doesn't last too long."

More adventures with the merry mice in next week's *Once Upon A Time*.

Here are some questions about the story "The Giant Turtle" on page 9. Answer as many as you can before turning back to check them.

1. What species of turtle gives us tortoiseshell?
2. Where do the female turtles lay their eggs?
3. Baby turtles are caught by which birds?



Mendoza

Tiny Tim and the Forest Giant



1 Once upon a time, in the forest lands of Europe, there lived a woodman who had seven sons. They were all happy lads, and the youngest was so small that they called him Tiny Tim. All day long they worked in the forest, cutting down the big trees.

2 "Here is a fine log, father," said the eldest son. "Shall we float it down the river to the building yard to be used for the strong timbers of a ship?" "No, my son," the woodman sighed. "It would take too long and we need to have money at once."



3 So the tree trunk was chopped into logs for a fire, but the money received for it was very poor. In fact, it was so little that in hardly any time at all the food they bought with it was gone—because of all the hungry mouths that had to be fed. "Oh, what can be done about it?" sobbed the woodcutter's wife.



4 That night when the children had gone up to bed, the woodman and his wife sat up talking about their problem. They did not notice that Tiny Tim had got out of bed and was listening. "I must take the children into the forest and lose them," said the woodman. "A kind person may find them and look after them."



5. Next morning, before anyone else of the family was awake, Tiny Tim crept out of the house and went down to the bank of the stream. There he picked out a lot of small, white stones and filled his pockets with them. He had thought of a plan.



7. On the long walk, Tiny Tim was careful to remain behind all the others and, every few steps, he dropped one of the white pebbles from his pockets. The other boys had no idea what their father had in mind and they enjoyed being in a part of the deep forest which was strange. They romped and played and shouted.

Next week you will see what happens to Tiny Tim and his six lost brothers.



6. "Come along, boys," the woodman said to the seven sons, a little later in the morning. "Today we are going for a very long walk, which will take us deep into the forest where you have not been before. I hope to find a very special large oak tree."



8. The woodman led them deeper and deeper into the forest and the children did not mind being so far away from home. As they ran races and played games they never thought of how they were to get back home. And their woodman father, now greatly upset, crept away. Silently and sadly, he left them and returned home.



The WISE OLD OWL

Knows all the answers

Here is the Wise Old Owl again to answer all your puzzling questions.



1. Why is the country of Japan sometimes called Nippon?

"Japan lies to the east of China and the sun rises over it, so the Chinese called it Jihpen, which means the Land of the Rising Sun. The Japanese called it Nippon, their version of the Chinese name Jihpen—which we in Britain say it as Japan. The flag shown is the Japanese Navy ensign."



2. Do cats live to a great age?

"One year of a cat's life is equal to seven years of the life of a human being, which means that a six-years-old cat is as old as a person of 42. The average life of a cat is about ten years, which is equal to a human's average life of 70 years. Some cats do live longer than ten years—the oldest known died aged 34."



3. Why don't wrens visit our garden bird-tables?

"Wrens hardly ever visit bird-tables in search of scraps of food as do sparrows, starlings, blue-tits and other birds. One reason is that the wren is a very tiny bird and likes to keep away from others. Another reason is that it lives on insects, and can find them in crevices and places where bigger birds cannot reach."



4. Which is the oldest island in the world?

"Nobody really knows which is the oldest island, but one of the newest is the Island of Surtsey, formed in 1963 by lava from a volcano which erupted beneath the sea, south of Iceland."



5. How did the gorilla get its name?

"This animal, the biggest of the ape family, lives in Africa. Its name comes from an African word meaning 'wild, hairy man'. Gorillas are strong, but not dangerous if they are left alone."